UPON

NOTHING.

A Eng. Poetry vol 1 6.

POEM.

By the Right Honourable, *JOHN* late Earl of *ROCHESTER.*

Now First Correctly Printed.

LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL, at the *Dial* and *Bible* in *Fleetstreet.* 1711. Price 2 *d.* Where may be had,

26. April. 1711

The Correctest Edition of his *Lordship*'s Works hitherto Extant. Price 5 *s.*

Advertiſement.

NO *Author*'s Works have been more mangled through the Ignorance of Conceited Editors than *Thoſe* of (that Excellent Original) the late Earl of *Rocheſter*, as will be ſeen by the following *Poem*, which is generally eſteem'd his Lordſhip's *Maſter-piece*; and no Encomiums have been thought great enough for it, even as it has hitherto appear'd.

What a Surprize then muſt it be to all True Judges of Poetry, eſpecially to thoſe Gentlemen who are Admirers of his Lordſhip's Writings, to find, upon Examination, that hardly one *Stanza* of this Admirable Piece has been correctly Printed?

The Editor of thoſe Poems of his Lordſhip, to which His *Valentinian* is annexed, has not only taken the Liberty of leaving out whole *Stanza*'s in many of them, but likewiſe thought fit to ſupply his Lordſhip with more proper Epithets than he could poſſibly find out for himſelf; I will only produce Two Inſtances of his Egregious Folly, ſubmitting the other Blunders, which are almoſt innumerable, to be compar'd by the Curious.

I. *The Five Firſt Lines of His Lordſhip*'s Satire *againſt* Man, *run thus.*

Were I, (who to my Coſt already am,
One of thoſe ſtrange, prodigious, Creatures Man;)
A Spirit, free to Chuſe for my own Share,
What Caſe of Fleſh and Blood I'd pleaſe to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear.

The

The Fourth Line, by this Nice Critic, is thus alter'd,

What Sort of Fleſh and Blood I pleas'd to wear.

Now, not to inſiſt upon the Nonſenſe in the Alteration of, *I pleas'd* for *I'd pleaſe*; I ſhall leave the Choice of the Word *Sort* for *Caſe* to a Public Determination.

II. *In the Poem now before us, the 4th* Stanza *runs thus.*

Yet Something did thy Nothing Power command,
And from thy fruitful Emptineſs's Hand,
Snatch Men, Beaſts, Birds, Fire, Water, Air and Land.

Which is thus alter'd,

Yet Something did thy Mighty Power command,
And from thy fruitful Emptineſs's Hand,
Snatch'd Men, Beaſts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.

The Grammar of *did ſnatch'd* is Admirable! But why the Element *Water* ſhould be ſeparated from the other Three, I dare ſay no one can aſſign a Reaſon for, but himſelf.

I ſhall not dwell any longer in Remarking upon ſo ſtupid a Corrector as this Perſon has demonſtrated himſelf to be, in pretending to mend what was writ by the greateſt Genius *England* ever produc'd: But as I deſign, with convenient Speed, to give the World a Genuine Edition of his Lordſhip's Works, (not Regarding whatever has been Printed,) ſo I begin with this *Poem*, to ſhow with what Diſingenuity his Lordſhip's Memory has been treated by ſuch Paltry Scriblers, as did not in the leaſt underſtand what they have preſum'd to Publiſh.

UPON

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A POEM.

I.

NOTHING, thou Elder-Brother, Eve to Shade,
Thou had'ſt a Being e're the World was made,
Well fixt alone, of Ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place *were*, Time and Place *were not*,
When Primitive *Nothing*, Something ſtrait begot;
Then all proceeded from the great United — What!

III.

Something, the General Attribute of All,
Sever'd from *Thee* its ſole Original,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

IV. Yet

IV.

Yet *Something* did thy *Nothing* Power command,
And from thy Fruitful *Emptineſs*'s Hand,
Snatch Men, Beaſts, Birds, Fire, Water, Air and Land.

V.

Matter, the Wicked'ſt Offspring of thy Race,
By *Form* aſſiſted, flew from thy Embrace,
And Rebel Light obſcur'd thy Rev'rend dusky Face.

VI.

With *Form* and *Matter*, *Time* and *Place* did join;
Body, thy Foe, with theſe did Leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy Peaceful Reign, and ruin all thy Line.

VII.

But Turncoat *Time*, aſſiſts the Foe in vain;
And brib'd by *Thee*, deſtroys their ſhort-liv'd Reign,
And to *thy* hungry Womb drives back the Slaves again.

VIII.

Thy Myſteries are hid from *Laic* Eyes,
And the *Divine* alone by Warrant pries
Into thy Boſom, where thy Truth in Private lies.

IX. Y

IX.

Yet this of *Thee*, the Wiſe may truly ſay,
Thou, from the Virtuous, *Nothing* tak'ſt away,
And to be Part of *Thee*, the Wicked wiſely pray.

X.

Great *Negative!* how vainly would the Wiſe
Enquire, Define, Diſtinguiſh, Teach, Deviſe,
Did'ſt not *Thou* ſtand to point their blind Philoſophies.

XI.

Is, or *Is not*, the Two great Ends of Fate,
Of True or Falſe, the Subject of Debate,
That perfects or deſtroys Deſigns of State.

XII.

When they have wrackt the Politicians Breaſt,
Within *thy* Boſom moſt ſecurely Reſt,
Reduc'd to *Thee* are leaſt, tho' ſafe and beſt.

XIII.

But *Nothing*, why doth *Something* ſtill permit,
That Sacred Monarchs ſhould at Council ſit
With Perſons thought at beſt, for *Nothing* fit?

XIV. Whilſt

XIV.

Whilſt weighty *Something* modeſtly abſtains
From Princes Coffers, and from Stateſmens Brains;
And nothing there like ſtately *Nothing* Reigns.

XV.

Nothing! that dwells with Fools, in Grave Diſguiſe
For whom they Rev'rend Forms and Shapes deviſe
Lawn Sleeves, and Furrs, and Gowns, when they like
[*Thee* look Wiſe

XVI.

French Truth, *Dutch* Proweſs, *Britiſh* Policy,
Hibernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Diſpatch, *Danes* Wit are ſeen in *Thee*.

XVII.

The Great Man's Gratitude to his beſt Friend,
Court Promiſes, *Whore's* Vows, tow'rd *Thee* All bend
Flow Swift, Fly into *Thee*, and ſever in the End.

FINIS.